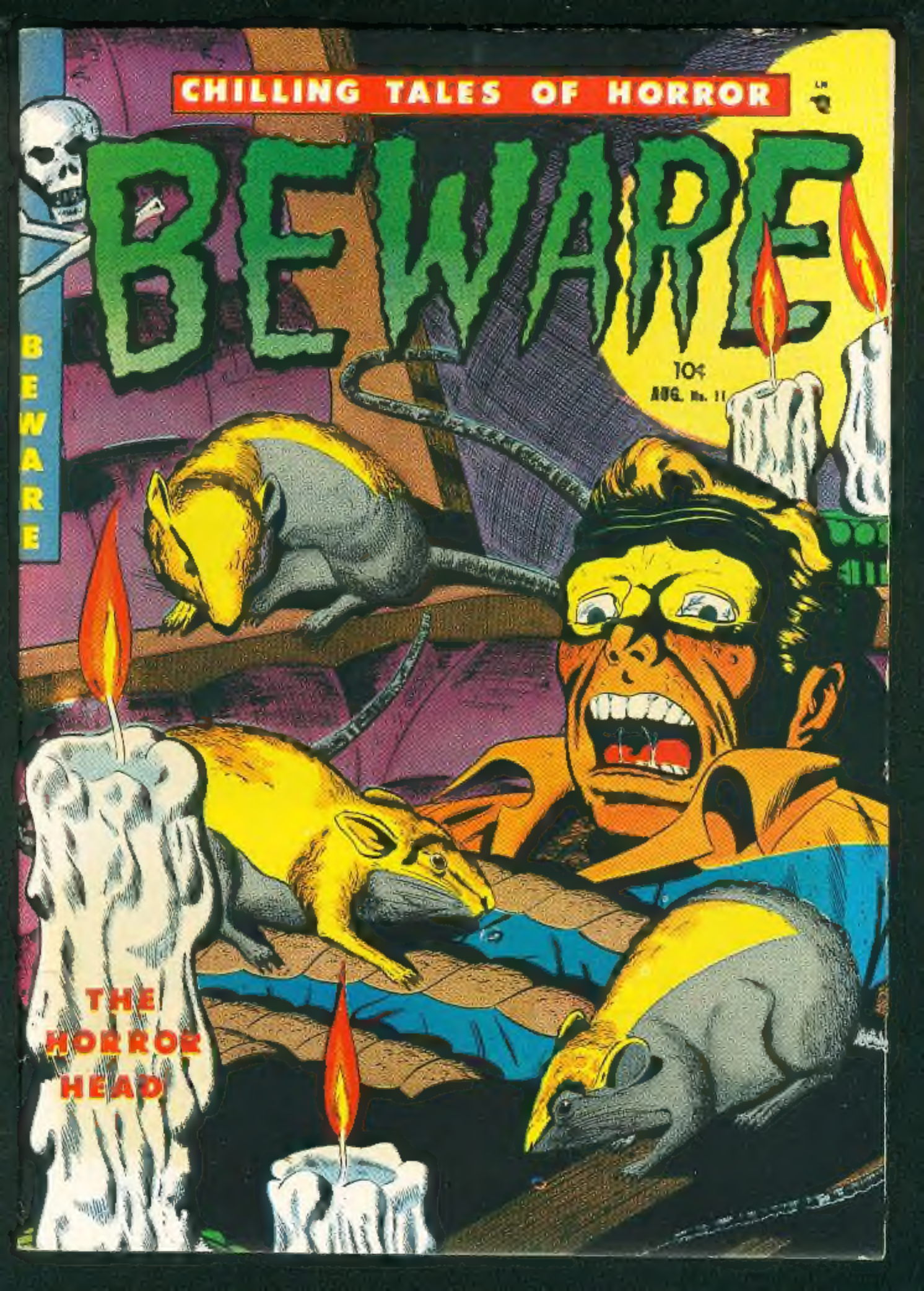
CHILLING TALES OF HORROR
BEWARE
10¢
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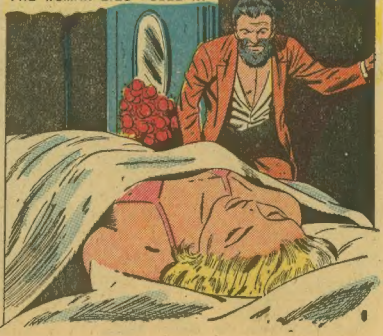
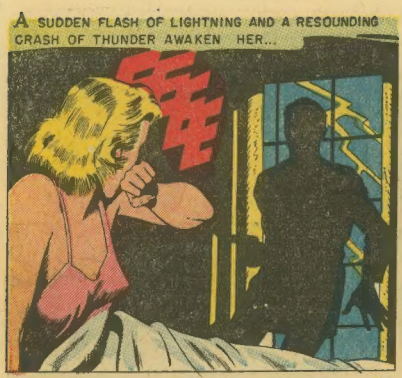
WHAT TERRIBLE SECRET LAY BEHIND THE VISIT OF THE FOUR GRIM MEN TO THE MANTON HOUSE? UNOCCUPIED BY MORTALS---THE DECAYED, ROTTING EDIFICE WAS KNOWN TO BE HAUNTED EVER SINCE THE INHUMAN MURDER THAT TOOK PLACE WITHIN ITS DARK WALLS TWENTY YEARS BEFORE THE STRANGE CASE OF...

the MIDDLE TOE

OUR STORY BEGINS ONE STORMY NOVEMBER NIGHT IN 1842 AS A STEALTHY FIGURE STEALS INTO THE ROOM OF GERTRUDE MANTON....

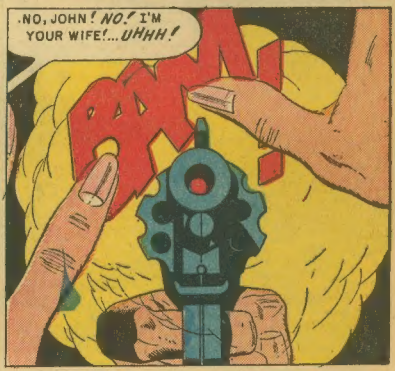
PISTOL IN HAND, HE CROSSES TO THE BED WHERE THE WOMAN LIES ASLEEP...




A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHTNING AND A RESOUNDING CRASH OF THUNDER AWAKEN HER...

JOHN, IT'S YOU! YOU FRIGHTENED ME!
I DIDN'T INTEND TO AWAKEN YOU.

WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?
I'M GOING TO FIX IT SO YOU WILL NEVER AWAKEN AGAIN!

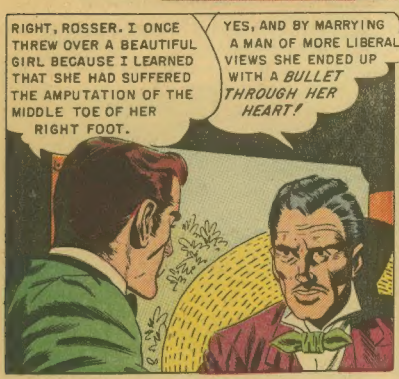

NO, JOHN! NO! I'M YOUR WIFE!... UHHH!
BAM!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER A MUFFLED FIGURE LEAVES THE MANTON HOUSE...

TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE SHADOW-LAND OF LOST MEN....

WITHIN EASY HEARING SAT A FOURTH MAN, ROBERT GROSSMITH, A STRANGER NEWLY ARRIVED IN TOWN ....

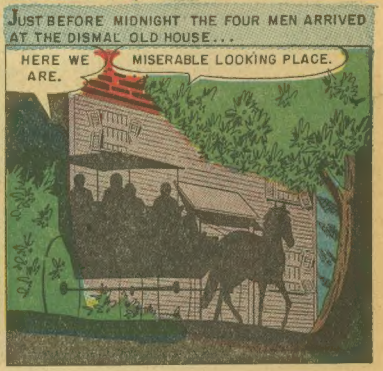
THE NEXT EPISODE OF OUR TALE OCCURS TWENTY YEARS LATER ON THE VERANDAH OF A HOTEL IN MARSHAL, MISSISSIPPI. THREE MEN, NAMED KING, SANCHER AND ROSSER HOLD A CURIOUS DISCUSSION...



WHAT?
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, ROSSER. THIS GENTLEMAN HASN'T DONE ANYTHING TO DESERVE SUCH LANGUAGE.
I REFUSE TO RETRACT ANYTHING I SAID.

VERY WELL! I DEMAND THE SATISFACTION DUE GENTLEMAN... PERHAPS YOU, SIR, WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO ACT AS MY SECOND? I AM ROBERT GROSSMITH.
VERY WELL, SIR. MY NAME IS SANCHER.

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS, SIR, AND THE TIME AND PLACE.
BOWIE KNIVES IN A DARK ROOM. THE OLD MANTON HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT.


JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT THE FOUR MEN ARRIVED AT THE DISMAL OLD HOUSE...
HERE WE ARE.
MISERABLE LOOKING PLACE.

WE SELECTED THIS AS THE PLACE!
THIS IS A TRICK! AND IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF YOU WERE IN ON IT!

I REFUSE TO BE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF?
YOU WILL REMEMBER THAT THE CHOICE OF WEAPONS AND PLACE WERE LEFT TO US... OF COURSE IF YOU ARE AFRAID OF GHOSTS...

I FEAR NOTHING!
THEN LET US PROCEED.

APPREHENSIVELY THE FOUR MOUNT THE STEPS OF THE DESERTED HOUSE AND FORCE THE DOOR...
SOUNDS LIKE A PROTEST FROM THE NETHER WORLD.
CREAK!

COME. WE'LL GO INTO ONE OF THE LIVING ROOMS.
LEAD ON.

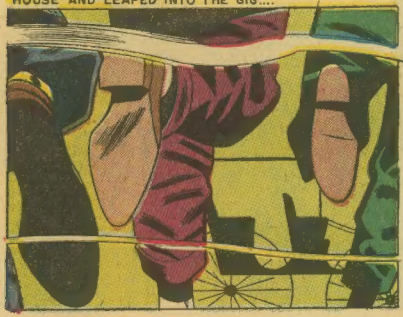
MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DECAYED AND ROTTING HALL, THE FOUR ENTERED A LARGE ROOM.
GENTLEMEN, ARE YOU READY?
YES!
YES!

YOU WILL PLEASE REMOVE YOUR OUTER CLOTHING.

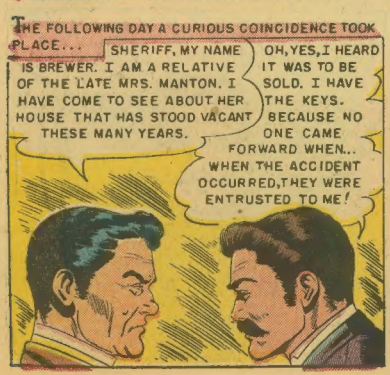
WHEN ALL WAS READY...
HERE ARE THE WEAPONS. THEY ARE EXACTLY ALIKE. CHOOSE PLEASE...

IF IT IS AGREEABLE TO YOU, MR. GROSSMITH, YOU WILL PLACE YOURSELF IN THAT CORNER... MR. ROSSER STAND HERE NEAR THE DOOR.
VERY WELL.

A MOMENT LATER....
GENTLEMEN, I WILL NOW BLOW OUT THE CANDLE. YOU WILL NOT MOVE UNTIL YOU HEAR THE CLOSING OF THE OUTER DOOR. GOOD LUCK!


THEN, JUST AS THE CLOCK STRUCK MIDNIGHT -- THREE FIGURES EMERGED FROM THE HAUNTED HOUSE AND LEAPED INTO THE GIG....

LASHING THE HORSE, THEY CAREENED DOWN THE ROAD LEAVING THE FOURTH MAN BEHIND. WHAT HAD HAPPENED?...


THE FOLLOWING DAY A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE TOOK PLACE...
SHERIFF, MY NAME IS BREWER. I AM A RELATIVE OF THE LATE MRS. MANTON. I HAVE COME TO SEE ABOUT HER HOUSE THAT HAS STOOD VACANT THESE MANY YEARS.
OH, YES, I HEARD IT WAS TO BE SOLD. I HAVE THE KEYS. BECAUSE NO ONE CAME FORWARD WHEN.. WHEN THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED, THEY WERE ENTRUSTED TO ME!

I'D LIKE TO GO OUT AND LOOK AT THE PROPERTY.
FINE. MY DEPUTY, MR. KING, AND MYSELF WILL DRIVE YOU OUT... OH, KING, COME HERE!

KING, WE'RE GOING TO THE MANTON HOUSE WITH THIS GENTLEMAN. GET THE CARRIAGE.
I...I...ER, YES.

A SHORT TIME LATER...
WHY... WHY THE DOOR IS OPEN. LET'S GO IN.

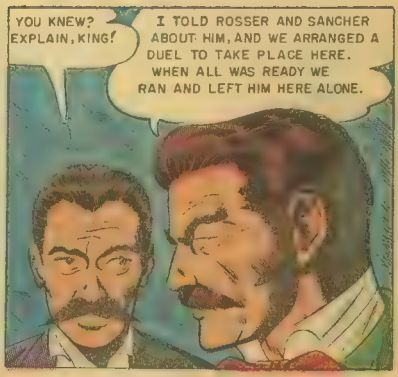
POSSIBLY TRAMPS BROKE IN, BUT...LOOK!

CLOTHES! VERY STRANGE! LET'S LOOK FURTHER!
YES, SIR!

ENTERING THE ROOM WHERE THE DUEL WAS HELD, THE THREE CAME UPON A SIGHT OF THE UTMOST HORROR...
GOOD LORD! LOOK!
IT... IT'S A MAN!

HIS FOOTPRINTS IN THE DUST SHOW HE CAME AROUND HERE AND WENT INTO THE CORNER BUT WHAT KILLED HIM?
LOOKS LIKE...

NO! IT CAN'T BE!.. THIS MAN IS JOHN MANTON!
YOU'RE RIGHT. I RECOGNIZED HIM YESTERDAY WHEN HE ARRIVED IN TOWN. HE WORE A BEARD YEARS AGO, BUT THAT'S HIM ALL RIGHT.


YOU KNEW? EXPLAIN, KING!
I TOLD ROSSER AND SANCHER ABOUT HIM, AND WE ARRANGED A DUEL TO TAKE PLACE HERE. WHEN ALL WAS READY WE RAN AND LEFT HIM HERE ALONE.

WE WERE SO EXCITED WHEN WE LEFT THAT WE FORGET TO PICK UP THE CLOTHES IN THE HALL.
GO ON!

THAT'S ALL. MURDERER AND COWARD WE KNEW HIM TO BE, BUT WE NEVER EXPECTED THIS.
IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT. LOOK!

THERE, COMING ACROSS THE ROOM STRAIGHT TOWARD THE CORPSE, WAS A LINE OF FOOTPRINTS MADE BY A WOMAN... A WOMAN ON WHOSE RIGHT FOOT THE MIDDLE TOE WAS MISSING!
THEY.. THEY ONLY COME ONE WAY. THEY COME FROM NOWHERE AND GO NOWHERE.
GERTRUDE MANTON HAS HAD HER REVENGE AT LAST!

THE END

WRESTLING HORROR

MY NAME IS MIKE MATTHEW. THEY CALL ME *THE MIGHTY MAULER*. CHAMPION HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLER, THAT'S ME. AND I THOUGHT I COULD WRESTLE ANYBODY, ANYWHERE, AND BEAT HIM! BUT ONE NIGHT I WALKED INTO A TRAP... A TRAP OF TERROR... AND RISKED MY LIFE AND CHAMPIONSHIP...

THE BRAIN OF A MAN IN THE BODY OF A GORILLA? I CAN'T WIN!

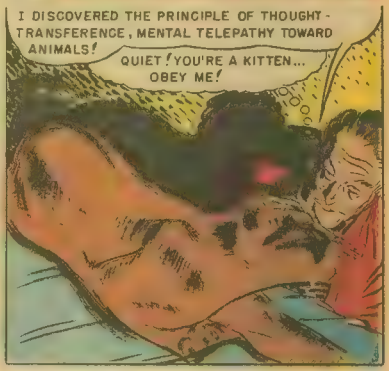
IN A DESERTED CANYON RETREAT IN UTAH, THE FAMOUS BIOLOGIST DR. BLAU WATCHES THE MATCH...

* ED. NOTE: DR. BLAU, A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST, WAS FAMOUS FOR HIS EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMAL BODIES AND MINDS. BUT HIS "WORK" SUDDENLY BECAME CRUEL AND EVIL... A COURT OF LAW STOPPED HIS "METHODS" IN 1950... DR. BLAU DISAPPEARED.

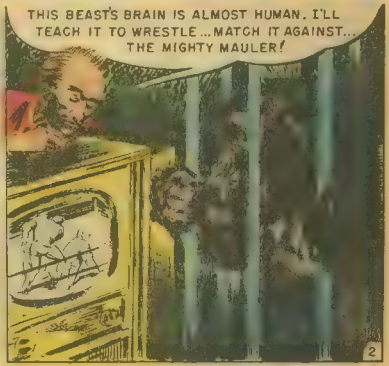
I HAD TO HIDE FROM THE WORLD...BUT THEY COULDN'T STOP ME! MY GREATEST REVENGE AND TRIUMPH IS ALMOST READY TO FIGHT THE WORLD!

I'VE TRAINED HOUSE SNAKES AS RAT CATCHERS... THEY'RE BETTER THAN CATS!

..AND MADE A WATCH DOG OUT OF A FIERCE GRIZZLY BEAR!


I DISCOVERED THE PRINCIPLE OF THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE, MENTAL TELEPATHY TOWARD ANIMALS!
QUIET! YOU'RE A KITTEN... OBEY ME!

BUT I WANT TO DOMINATE A NEAR-HUMAN MIND! "CREATE" A THINKER...OUT OF A BRUTE BEAST!


THIS BEAST'S BRAIN IS ALMOST HUMAN. I'LL TEACH IT TO WRESTLE...MATCH IT AGAINST... THE MIGHTY MAULER!

USING HIS GREAT DISCOVERY, THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE TO ANIMALS, DR. BLAU BEGINS TO TRAIN HIS MOST INTELLIGENT PUPIL IN THE ART OF WRESTLING...

WATCH! LEARN! BECOME A WRESTLER!

MASTER, I OBEY! I WILL LEARN!

THESE ARE WRESTLERS.

I CAN WRESTLE, TOO!

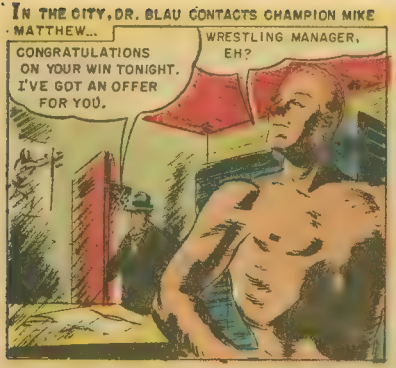
THIS IS A TOE-HOLD.. TOE-HOLD.

AIRPLANE SPIN? I COULD KILL THEM BOTH!

AND AFTER THREE WEEKS OF "MENTAL" WRESTLING ..DR. BLAU LEAVES A DEAF AND DUMB INDIAN SERVANT TO CARE FOR HIS "PETS"..

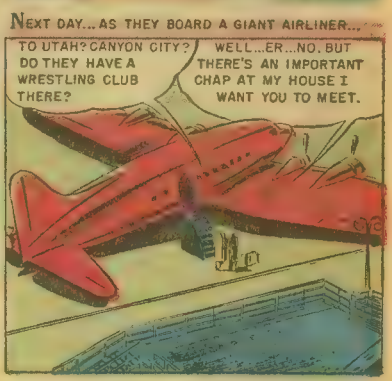
I WANT...WRESTLE!

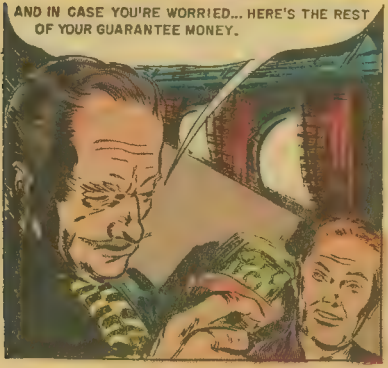
AND I'M GOING TO ARRANGE A CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH FOR YOU!

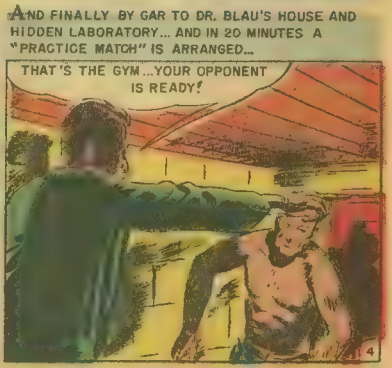

IN THE CITY, DR. BLAU CONTACTS CHAMPION MIKE MATTHEW...
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR WIN TONIGHT. I'VE GOT AN OFFER FOR YOU.
WRESTLING MANAGER, EH?

YES! AND HAVE I GOT A WRESTLER! $1,000 ADVANCE ON A $10,000 GUARANTEE. SIGN HERE...

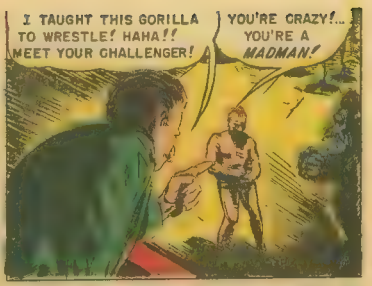
FOR THAT MONEY I'D WRESTLE MY WEIGHT IN WILDCATS.
DON'T WORRY...YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO WRESTLE *WILDCATS*.

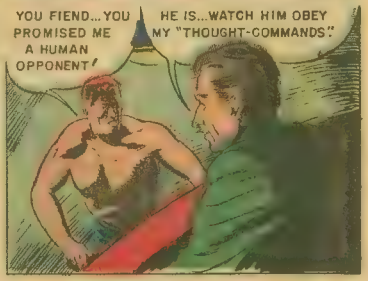

NEXT DAY... AS THEY BOARD A GIANT AIRLINER...
TO UTAH? CANYON CITY? DO THEY HAVE A WRESTLING CLUB THERE?
WELL...ER...NO. BUT THERE'S AN IMPORTANT CHAP AT MY HOUSE I WANT YOU TO MEET.


AND IN CASE YOU'RE WORRIED... HERE'S THE REST OF YOUR GUARANTEE MONEY.


AND FINALLY BY CAR TO DR. BLAU'S HOUSE AND HIDDEN LABORATORY... AND IN 20 MINUTES A "PRACTICE MATCH" IS ARRANGED...
THAT'S THE GYM...YOUR OPPONENT IS READY!

AS THE STEEL DOOR SWUNG SHUT... MIKE MATTHEW TURNED TO MEET THE "WRESTLER"...


I TAUGHT THIS GORILLA TO WRESTLE! HAHA!! MEET YOUR CHALLENGER!
YOU'RE CRAZY!... YOU'RE A MADMAN!


YOU FIEND... YOU PROMISED ME A HUMAN OPPONENT!
HE IS... WATCH HIM OBEY MY "THOUGHT-COMMANDS."

DR. BLAU'S' ANIMAL TELEPATHY... THE TRANSFER OF THOUGHT... WORKS! THE BRUTE BEAST SHOOK HANDS LIKE A MAN!
SHAKE HIS HAND! BE GENTLE... DON'T KILL!

NOW WRESTLE!... OR I'LL THOUGHT-COMMAND HIM TO TEAR YOU APART!
ME KNOW HOLDS... ME SMART... TRY NOT BREAK YOUR BONES...

WHILE DR. BLAU CONTROLS THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE FROM ABOVE...

TOE-HOLD!

NOW AIRPLANE SPIN... DON'T KILL HIM... *NOT YET!*

I'VE "CREATED" AN APE-MAN-WRESTLER... I'M LIKE *GOD!*

LET HIM REST. WE MUST SAVE HIM FOR LATER "FUN".

IT CAN'T BE... IT'S NOT RIGHT! ONLY GOD CAN CREATE A BRAIN...

A MAN *MUST BE* BETTER THAN A BEAST! THAT WIRE... I WONDER.. CAN I USE IT?

GET UP... ME WANT WRESTLE MORE...

A MAN CAN THINK FASTER THAN A GORILLA... AND GORILLAS DON'T KNOW ABOUT ELECTRICITY... *I HOPE!*

THE HUMAN WRESTLER TEARS THE STRANDS OF "HOT" WIRE APART...AND SWIFTLY PREPARES TO USE HIS GOD-GIVEN INTELLIGENCE...

WATCH OUT FOR THE ELECTRICITY, GORILLA!

ELEC... WHAT THAT?

THE LIVE WIRES, PLUNGED INTO THE GORILLA'S VEINS, PRODUCE THE VOLTAGE NECESSARY TO ELECTROCUTE THE "OVER-EDUCATED" WRESTLER-BEAST...

HE'S...FALLING...

DR. BLAU HAD HELD THE WIRE...IT PULLED HIM INTO THE ARENA...

I "MADE" YOU...OBEY ME! LET GO...

IF I DIE... YOU DIE, TOO!

THAT MADMAN PLANNED A WRESTLING MATCH... AND *HE* GOT ONE!

I FLED INTO THE NIGHT... FOUND DR. BLAU'S CAR, AND THEN THE POLICE. WHEN WE GOT BACK, THAT MADMAN AND HIS NIGHT-MARE CREATION WERE BOTH DEAD. THE POLICE PUT DR. BLAU'S LIVE "PETS" INTO A ZOO... NEXT MONTH, I "WRESTLED" AGAIN...

WINNER...AND STILL CHAMPION...THE MIGHTY MAULER!

AFTER THAT LAST MATCH I HAD... DON'T MERE HUMANS STAND A CHANCE.

—THE END—

THE DAMNED THING!

BY the light of a tallow candle which had been placed on one end of a rough table, a man was reading something written in a book. It was an old account book, greatly worn and tattered. Occasionally the man held the page closer to the candle to get a stronger light on it. The shadow of the book would then throw into obscurity half of the room, darkening a number of faces and figures; for besides the reader, eight other men were present. Seven of them sat against the rough log walls, silent, motionless, and the room being small, not very far away from the table. By extending an arm anyone of them could have touched the eighth man, who lay on the table, face upwards, partly covered by a sheet, his arms at his sides. He was dead.

The man with the book was not reading aloud, and no one spoke; all seemed to be waiting for something to occur. Only the dead man was without expectation. From the blank darkness outside, through the aperture that served for a window, came all the ever unfamiliar noises of the night in the wilderness—the long nameless note of a distant coyote; the still pulsing thrill of tireless insects; and the strange cries of night birds, so different from those of the birds of day. But nothing of all of this was noted in that company. It was obvious in every line of their rugged faces. They were evidently men of the vicinity—farmers and woodmen.

The person reading was a trifle different, a trifle more prepossessing. His face had just a hint of sternness. He was the coroner and this was an inquest—held in the cabin of the man who was dead.

When the coroner had finished reading he put the book in his pocket. At that moment the door opened and a young man entered. He was clearly not of mountain breeding or birth. He was dressed as those from the cities. He looked as though he had been riding hard.

The coroner nodded, "We have been waiting for you. It is necessary to have done with this business tonight."

The young man smiled. "I am sorry to have kept you. I got here as soon as I could."

The coroner looked up questioningly. "The account of what happened that you sent to your newspaper differs from what you will give here under oath?" he said.

The young man flushed, "That is as you please. I have a copy of it here. I submit it as part of my testimony under oath."

"But you say it is incredible."

"That is nothing to you, sir, if I swear it is true."

The coroner stared for a moment, and the men about the sides of the cabin talked in whispers, never taking their eyes from the corpse. Finally he lifted his eyes and said, "We will resume the inquest."

"What is your name?" the coroner asked.

"William Harker."

"Age?"

"Twenty-seven."

"You knew the deceased, Hugh Morgan? You were with him when he died?"

"Yes. I was visiting with him at his place here, to hunt and fish."

"Relate the circumstances of this man's death," said the coroner. "You may use any notes or memoranda that you please."

The witness understood, and, pulling a manuscript from his pocket, began to talk:

"We were out hunting not far from here. We were after quail and we each carried a shotgun. We had come over a ridge to a level place thickly covered with wild oats. Suddenly we heard a noise as if some animal was thrashing about in the bushes.

"Morgan became excited and cocked his gun, staring at the moving foliage. 'What is it?' I asked, 'What is it?'

"*'That Damned Thing!'* he answered without turning his head. His voice was unnatural and he trembled visibly.

"I was about to speak further when I saw the oat bushes part, as if something was going through them. Whatever it was seemed to be coming toward us.

"The oats near us parted and were bowed down as the invisible thing came nearer and nearer. Suddenly Morgan put his gun to his shoulder and fired at the agitated grain! Before the smoke of the discharge had cleared away I heard a loud, savage cry—a scream like

that of a wild animal. Morgan flung his gun to the ground and ran. At the same instant I was thrown violently to the ground by the impact of something unseen—some soft, heavy substance that was thrown against me with great force.

"Before I could regain my feet I heard Morgan crying out as if in mortal agony, and mingling with his cries were such hoarse, savage sounds as one hears only from fighting beasts in mortal combat.

"Inexpressibly terrified, I struggled to my feet to see Morgan less than thirty yards away. He was down on one knee, his head thrown back at a frightful angle, his whole body in violent movement backward and forward. His right arm was lifted and seemed to lack a hand, at least I could see none. His other arm was invisible. It was as though part of his body was blotted out.

"It must have been only a few seconds, yet in that time he assumed all the positions of a determined wrestler. During the entire time the air rang with horrible, bestial noises.

"For a moment I stood irresolute, then I ran toward my friend. But before I could reach his side, all was suddenly quiet. Once again I saw the mysterious movement of the oats, this time hastening toward the woods. When I finally reached Morgan he was dead."

The coroner rose from his seat and lifting an edge of the sheet exposed the dead man's body. The chest and sides looked beaten in. There were dreadful lacerations, the skin torn in shreds. What was once the throat was a mass of torn flesh. The witnesses turned away faint and sick. "Gentlemen," he said, "We have no more evidence. Are there any questions?"

The foreman rose, "I have a question, Mister Coroner," he said. "What asylum did this last witness come from?"

The young man flushed crimson but said nothing. The seven jurors rose and solemnly filed out of the cabin. When they were alone he turned to the coroner.

"If you have done insulting me, I suppose I am at liberty to go?"

Harker started to leave, but turned. "That book you have—Morgan's diary—doesn't...?"

The other cut him off. "The book does not enter into this matter. It was written before Morgan's death."

As Harker passed the house the jury returned and gave their verdict. "We find," said the foreman, "that the deceased came to his death at the hands of a mountain lion. It was death by accident."

But in the diary of the late Hugh Morgan—the diary that was not put into evidence—we find what might be the true story. Here are the entries:

"Sept. 2—Looking at the stars last night. It seemed as if something passed between me and them, but there was nothing there. Ugh! Don't like this . . . .

"Sept. 27—It has been here again. Watched all night, but saw nothing. In the morning found the footprints as usual. If this is true I shall go mad . . . If I am imagining it I am mad already!

"Oct. 3—I won't go! It shall not drive me away! This is *my* house! *my* land!

"Oct. 7—I can stand it no longer. I have inivited Harker to stay with me for a few weeks. He has a level head. I can judge from his manner if he thinks me mad.

Oct. 17—I have the solution of the mystery. It came to me last night. How simple—how terribly simple.

"There are sounds that we cannot hear. At either end of the scale are notes that the human ear cannot pick up. They are too high or too low. I have observed a flock of blackbirds occupying an entire tree top. Suddenly—all at the same instant they flew away. How? How could they have gotten a signal? They could not all see each other. There must have been a warning or command, high and shrill, unheard by the human ear.

"It is known that a school of whales basking or sporting on the surface of the ocean, miles apart, with the curvature of the earth between them, will sometimes dive at the same instant—all gone from sight in a moment. The signal has been sounded—too low for the ear of the sailor at the masthead or his comrades on deck.

"As with sounds why not with colors? At each end of the spectrum the chemist can detect the presence of rays too short to be seen by the human eye. They represent colors—part of the composition of light which we cannot see. I am not mad! There are colors that we cannot see!!

"But, may God help me! *The Damned Thing is of such a color!*"

THE ANCIENT PEAKS OF TIBET HAVE WITNESSED STRANGE SIGHTS. DURING THE UNTOLD AGES THE [illegible] HAVE PRACTICED THEIR STRANGE [illegible] WITH RUNE AND RITUAL. FOR THE STRANGER WHO BREAKS THE PEACE OF [illegible] THE [illegible] TO VENGEANCE, THE TERROR AND DEATH OF...

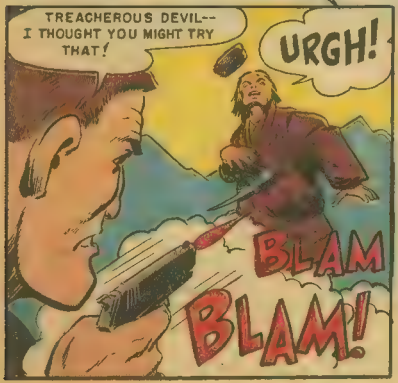
the HORROR HEADS

HARRISON

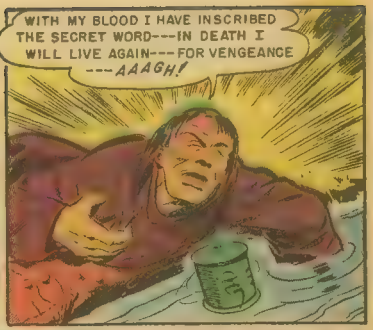
THE QUIET AIR OF THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS IS SHATTERED BY RUDE OATHS AS DIRK VAN GORT, HUNTER AND GUIDE, ARGUES WITH HIS EMPLOYER...

IF WE GO TO THE TSANGPO COUNTRY I MUST HAVE MORE MONEY... IT IS A BAD TRIP!

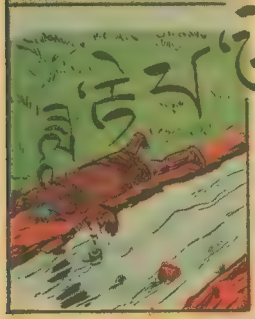
THE PRICE WAS AGREED UPON IN SHIGATSE. NOW, START THE PONIES, WE LEAVE AT ONCE.



BUT TASHI-KYA IS NOT DEAD--HIS WILL DRIVES HIM ON---VENGEANCE MUST STRIKE DOWN THIS MURDERER...

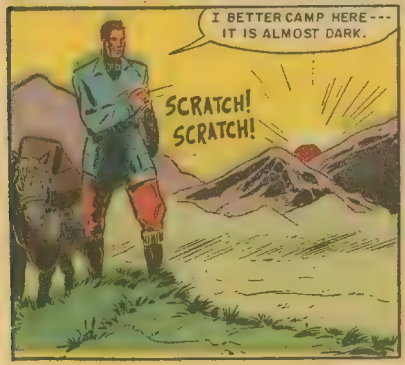


TASHI-KYA IS DEAD, BUT THE RUSHING MOUNTAIN STREAM TURNS THE PRAYER WHEEL. WITH EACH ROTATION OF THE WHEEL THE CURSE IS REPEATED...



THE CURSE GROWS STRONGER AS IT MOVES ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS...

---AND STRIKES THE FLEEING RENEGADE!



THE GREY DAWN WAKES DIRK FROM HIS FITFUL SLEEP...

UHH -- THIS ARM IS THROBBING--WHAT IS THIS -- BOIL? IT MUST BE CAUSING THE PAIN?

STRANGE, I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE---WHY IT'S-- IT'S *GROWING!*

THE STRANGE GROWTH MOVES, FORCING IT'S WAY FROM DIRK'S BODY.

IT'S A TINY *HEAD!* THOSE ARE EYES--- STARING AT ME!

IT IS THE HEAD OF *TASHI-KYA!* HE HAS RETURNED TO HAUNT ME!

LET ME CLEAN THIS KNIFE BLADE AND I WILL SOON BE RID OF YOU-- HO! THEN I WILL LEAVE THIS EVIL LAND AND GO WHERE YOUR MAGIC CANNOT FOLLOW ME!

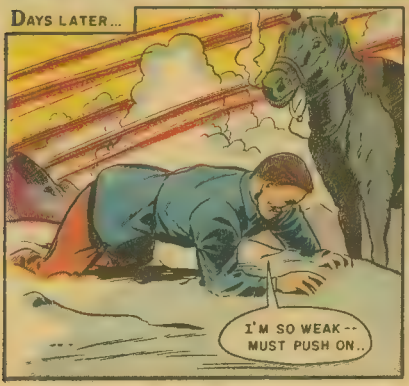
I MUST PUSH ON TO THE BORDER---THERE I WILL BE SAFE!

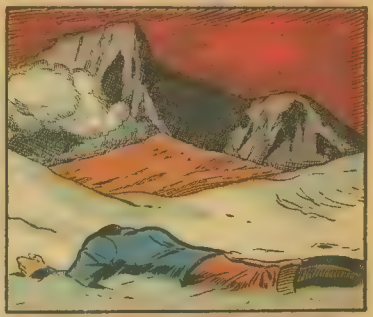
BLINDED BY PAIN, DIRK DOESN'T NOTICE THE NAGGING LITTLE ITCH ON HIS *LEG!*

DAY AND NIGHT BLEND INTO A NIGHTMARE OF PAIN--BUT DIRK STRUGGLES ON...

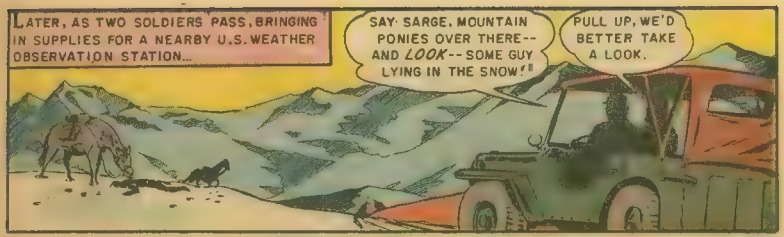
THAT NIGHT...

DAYS LATER...



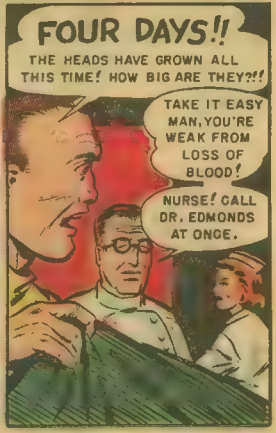


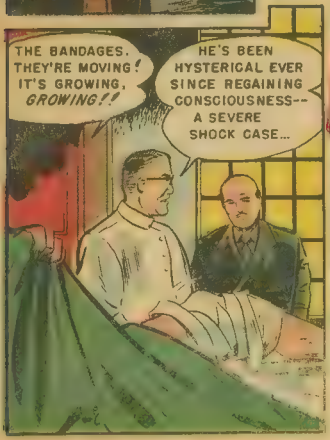
A SHORT MILE AHEAD IS THE BORDER--AND SAFETY! BUT DIRK LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN THE FROZEN WASTES...


LATER, AS TWO SOLDIERS PASS, BRINGING IN SUPPLIES FOR A NEARBY U.S. WEATHER OBSERVATION STATION...
SAY SARGE, MOUNTAIN PONIES OVER THERE-- AND LOOK--SOME GUY LYING IN THE SNOW!!
PULL UP, WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK.

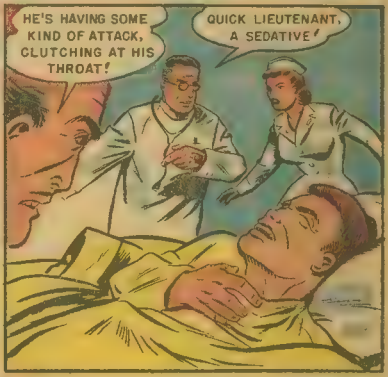
HE'S STILL ALIVE! WE BETTER PACK HIM INTO THE JEEP AND LET THE DOCS LOOK AT HIM!

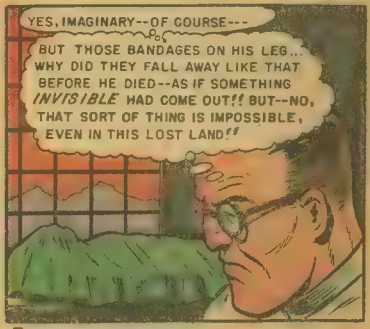
LATER...
WHAT -- WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE IN A UNITED STATES ARMY HOSPITAL. THEY BROUGHT YOU IN FOUR DAYS AGO, IN RATHER BAD SHAPE I MUST SAY.


FOUR DAYS!!
THE HEADS HAVE GROWN ALL THIS TIME! HOW BIG ARE THEY?!!
TAKE IT EASY MAN, YOU'RE WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD!
NURSE! CALL DR. EDMONDS AT ONCE.


THE BANDAGES. THEY'RE MOVING! IT'S GROWING, GROWING!!
HE'S BEEN HYSTERICAL EVER SINCE REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS-- A SEVERE SHOCK CASE...

ARGH!





BUT *IS* IT, DOCTOR...?

-THE END-

FROZEN--ICED THROUGH AND THROUGH WITH ANCIENT FEARS--THE WIND HOWLS AND WHISPERS AT THE CABIN'S EAVES. THE STORM WITHOUT GROWS IN INTENSITY AS DOES THE TERROR WITHIN THIS CABIN OF THE DOOMED AND HELPLESS! WE HAVE NO CHANCE - NO CHANCE AT ALL AGAINST...

THE MURDEROUS MIMICS!

PLEASE! I'M *YOUR WIFE!* WHAT HAVE I DONE *WRONG?*...

YOU'RE NOT MY WIFE--YOU'RE FROM *KAIMUTE!* YOU'RE NO LONGER MY WIFE BUT A *MONSTER!* ---*STAY BACK!*...

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF WHAT I *HAD TO DO* BACK THERE IN THE CABIN, MY RECORDING OF THIS FOR THE AUTHORITIES IS THE MOST DIFFICULT TASK I HAVE EVER KNOWN. IT ALL STARTED ONE BEAUTIFUL SPRING DAY IN SEATTLE...

PAUL S. COOPER

THERE GOES THE WHISTLE--ALL ABOARD FOR A BRAND NEW LIFE...

OH, BILL--- I HOPE SO!...

YES, WE WERE ON OUR WAY....

SO--YOU'RE GOING TO HOMESTEAD?

YES SIR. AMERICA'S LAST TRUE FRONTIER....

AND THEN--NOME--THE GATEWAY TO ALASKA....

ISN'T IT EXCITING?...

YEAH--BUT WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO--*WINTER'S COMIN' ON....*

ONE WEEK LATER---TO THE DAY...

STRANGE--IT'S GOOD LAND AND FAIRLY CLOSE TO TOWN--WHY HASN'T ANYONE ELSE CLAIMED IT?...

WHO CARES? IT'S OURS NOW--*IF* WE CAN JUST PROVE UP ON IT...

THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED WERE FILLED WITH INCESSANT TOIL....

LUNCH IS SERVED, DARLING....

HI--I COULD EAT A WOLF...

WOLF? HUM--STRANGE THAT THERE ARE *NO WILD ANIMALS* ON THIS LAND...

LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

MY--MY!! YOU SHORELY ARE A STRANGER TO THESE PARTS...

HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?...

NOBODY LIVES IN THIS VALLEY--ESKIMOS, ANIMALS, SETTLERS--ALL KEEP AWAY! WHY? I DON'T KNOW. IT JUST AIN'T HEALTHY!

THAT NIGHT, I KNEW, A BIG DECISION HAD TO BE MADE...

I SAY POOH TO SUCH NONSENSE--THIS IS GOOD LAND--WHY SHOULD SOME *SILLY SUPERSTITIONS*....

OK., WE STAY! BUT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT EVERYBODY'S SO SCARED OF...

LONG DAYS OF BACK-BREAKING TOIL FOLLOWED. THEN ONE DAY...

WELL, I'LL BE! A DOG--OUR FIRST VISITOR IN A MONTH OF SUNDAYS...

WOOF WOOF ARF

O.K., BRUTUS, YOU CAN STAY... *BRRR*...GETTING CHILLY--*WINTER'S ALMOST HERE*...

BY THE TIME THE FIRST SNOW FELL....

DONE--JUST IN TIME! A GOOD SOUND CABIN, AND A FULL PANTRY....

LET IT SNOW--WE'LL BE SNUG AS TWO BUGS IN A RUG..

THAT NIGHT--AND FOR MANY NIGHTS TO FOLLOW....

POOR OLD BRUTUS HOWLS AS THOUGH IN MORTAL FEAR...

OOOOO,OOOO!

NOT ONLY DID WE HAVE THE MYSTERY OF THE DOG'S FEARFUL HOWLING, BUT ONE MORNING....

THOSE TRACKS! THEY'RE *INCREDIBLE*...

MAYBE THAT TRAPPER WHO WARNED US *WAS RIGHT*...

DAY AFTER DAY THE WIND HOWLED, THE SNOW FELL... WE WERE TRAPPED IN A PRISON OF GOLD. THEN--ONE EVENING...

HELP (GASP)-- PLEASE HELP ME...

TAKE IT EASY-- YOU'RE SAFE...

OH, THE POOR MAN...

REVIVED SOMEWHAT BY THE WARMTH OF THE CABIN, THE STRANGER STRUGGLED TO SPEAK....

UH--(GASP)--*TOO* LATE-- I'M A *GONER*. BUT--GOTTA... GOTTA... WARN WORLD... THEY.. THEY'RE GONNA....

THEN, IN PATHETIC FITS AND STARTS, THE MAN TOLD HIS BIZARRE, IMPOSSIBLE TALE. IT WENT MUCH AS FOLLOWS... "I WAS TRAPPING ON THE HEADWATERS OF THE KAIMUTE WHEN *'THEY' GOT ME...*"

!!!!EEEE! NO! NO!

THEY TOOK ME TO THE ICE CAVERNS IN THE KAIMUTE GLACIER! THERE..."

ANN-- MY WIFE-- WHA.. WHAT?

I'M NOT ANN. I'VE TAKEN THIS *FORM FROM YOUR MIND* SO THAT WE MAY SPEAK...

THEN FROM THAT GHASTLY MASQUERADE I LEARNED..."

PUNY MORTAL! WE WILL MILK YOUR BRAIN OF ALL KNOWLEDGE. *WE CAN ASSUME ANY SHAPE, MIMIC PERFECTLY ANY LIVING CREATURE...*

"THE FOOL CREATURE, DISGUISED AS IF IT WAS MY WIFE, RAMBLED ON AND ON--"

AH, YES--WE OF THE KAIMUTE--WILL SWEEP ACROSS THE FACE OF THE EARTH! WHO CAN STOP US? WE CAN BE ANYTHING--*ANYBODY!*

"AND THEN, THAT *FIEND* MADE ITS MISTAKE. WITH THE LIPS OF MY ANN IT SAID..."

NOTHING CAN BETRAY US BUT *HEAT*--OUR DISGUISES WILL MELT...

BACK IN THE CABIN..

(GASP) THEY CRUSHED ME--LEFT ME FOR DEAD--MUST WARN THE WORLD OF THE MIMICS OF KIAMUTE... (GASP)...WARN.. WARN...

HE-HE'S DEAD!...

FOR A MOMENT WE SAT STUNNED. THE STRANGER'S TALE WAS *TOO* INCREDIBLE...

I DON'T--*CAN'T*--BELIEVE IT!! BUT--*WHAT IF IT IS TRUE?*...

CALM DOWN, SWEETHEART. IT WAS ALL JUST THE RAMBLINGS OF A DYING MAN....

AND--I HONESTLY TRIED TO MAKE MYSELF THINK SO... THE NEXT MORNING...

THERE, OLD TIMER, REST IN PEACE. YOU CERTAINLY GAVE US A SCARE THOUGH..

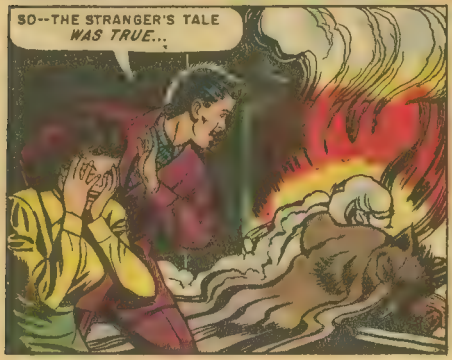
I *STILL* THINK WE OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING...

STOP THAT KIND OF TALK--WE *CAN'T LEAVE* UNTIL THIS STORM BLOWS ITSELF OUT! UNTIL THEN--*WE'RE TRAPPED*...

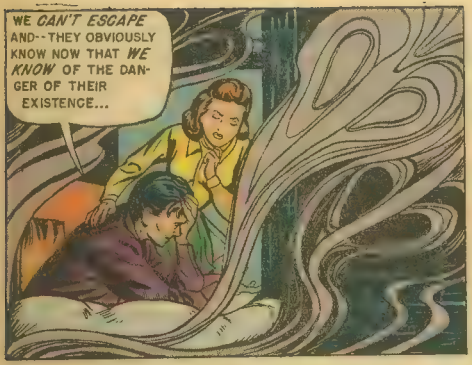
WE RETURNED TO THE CABIN--SILENT, TROUBLED. THAT NIGHT...
BRUTUS WANTS OUT. OPEN THE DOOR, WILL YOU, DEAR?

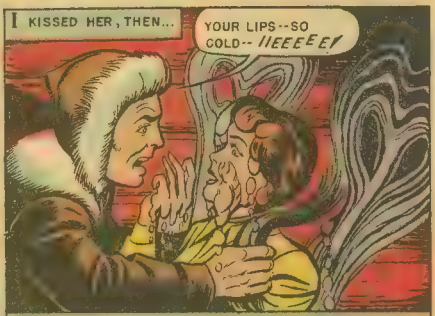
THE DOG RETURNED IN A FEW MINUTES. I THOUGHT NOTHING OF THE INCIDENT. HOWEVER IN A FEW MINUTES, I SENSED A STRANGE CHILL PERMEATING THE ROOM. I LOOKED UP...

WITH A SCREAM OF MORTAL TERROR, I...


SO--THE STRANGER'S TALE *WAS TRUE*...

NOW WE KNOW THERE *ARE* CREATURES CAPABLE OF MIMICKING --WE--THE WORLD— EVERYONE--IS IN GREAT DANGER...
BUT BILL--HOW CAN WE GET OUT TO WARN THEM?





TRAPPERS FOUND ME THIS SPRING. THEY SAY I'M INSANE-- KILLED MY WIFE WITH AN AXE. NO ONE BELIEVES ME, BUT MY STORY'S TRUE. YOU'LL SEE....

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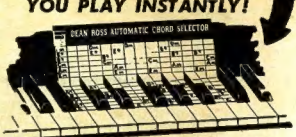
NO SCALES!
NO EXERCISES!
YOU PLAY INSTANTLY!



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WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you *can* and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities—intelligence, character, dignity—all go to naught...are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

SKIN PROBLEMS DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than *now*.

DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers. A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.

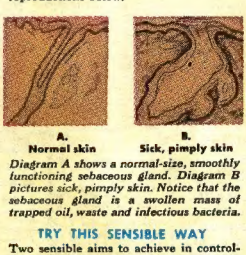
MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollens, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



A. Normal skin **B. Sick, pimply skin**

Diagram A shows a normal-size, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling this skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleansing by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infectious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads.

BLEMISHES COVERED UP

To remove the distressing embarrassment of these skin blemishes, the second Dornol formula exerts a "cover-up" action on your broken out skin while the medication does its work. This, plus its pleasant odor, will spare you the mental distress which is associated with unsightly, malodorous, medicated preparations. Imagine! You can apply this Dornol formula to your skin by day and face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance, while secure in the knowledge that medication is acting to remove old blemishes and keep away new ones. What this "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind is beyond calculation. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with humiliation and misery. Now because of this wonderful feature of the Dornol treatment, you can put your best foot forward ...at once!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at *our risk*. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK! Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain... *and we take all the risk!*

How to get the Dornol Treatment immediately: Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, Inc., Dept. 9306, 363 Central Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only $1.98 plus postage. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send $2 now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature... *at once!* Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

(YO)

BEWARE 11

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